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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

ONE WEEK AT AMER,

AN

AMERICAN CITY

OF

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

“The proper study of mankind is man.”

“From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”



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TO

W. H., Esq.,

AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF RESPECT,

THIS POEM,

(THE RECREATION OF MY LEISURE HOURS,)

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED, BY THE AUTHOR.

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AN APOLOGY TO THE CITIZENS OF AMER.

A ROUGH old man, known in his native village as Uncle Joshua, had long proposed visiting your great city, to take notes of the people, their manners, and customs. In a few succeeding pages he gives the result of his labor. Being of a contemplative turn of mind, he has interspersed his comments with bits of advice and conclusions drawn from a seventy years' experience. He begs leave to apologize to several distinguished persons, for exposing their every-day conversation and stories, but hopes

that the example of many noted and respectable writers of the day, will be a sufficient excuse. These notes were hastily taken; let this suffice for their style.

Sunday.

THE CHURCH.

ANALYSIS.

- I. THE OLD MAN FEELETH SENTIMENTAL.
- II. THE PALACE CHURCH.
- III. THEY STARE AT JOSHUA.
- IV. THE FASHIONABLE DIVINE.
- V. HIS SERMON.
- VI. HIS COMPLAINTS.
- VII. HIS METHOD OF CONSOLING THE DYING.
- VIII. THE OLD MAN DRAWS A COMPARISON.
- IX. THE FAITHFUL PASTOR.
- X. HIS STUDY.
- XI. HIS SORROWS.
- XII. AN APOLOGY FOR THE CLERGY.
- XIII. THE PASTOR'S WIFE.
- XIV. THE SAD AND JOYFUL PROFESSOR.
- XV. THE MISERLY CHRISTIAN.
- XVI. THE MODEST AND BRASSY SAINT.
- XVII. THE SCANDAL-MONGER.
- XVIII. A MEETING OF FOUR LAYMEN, OF THE EPISCOPAL, ORTHODOX, METHODIST, AND BAPTIST DENOMINATIONS, WHO ARE JOINED BY A UNITARIAN; THEIR SCURRILOUS TREATMENT OF A JEW AND CATHOLIC, SHOWING HOW, IN DANGER, THE FIVE CALLED ON ONE GOD.

ONE WEEK AT AMER.

SUNDAY.

THE CHURCH.

I.

How the deep soul-hid memories swell,
As tolls an aged belfry bell!
Since first its prelude struck the air,
How many hath it tolled from care!
And while o'er their forgotten clay,
Above th' unresting King Decay,
Kind nature's simple offerings rest,
In ivy leaf or mossy crest,
The old bell peaaleth from its arch
Softer and sadder with Time's march.

II.

Dreamer, awake, behold, ay, gaze!
Behold this temple in amaze!
Could Whitefield wake, his voice would cry,
'Tis George's palace I pass by;
Or Luther starting fear our nation
Called for a second Reformation.
Here meet the loving undefiled,—
Meek followers of the manger Child;
Brush from your eyes time's hateful motes,
Nor look for Bethlehem's gray coats;
Both great and small with one accord,
In silks and satins wait their Lord.

III.

I noticed many turn and stare,
Because my coat was worn threadbare;
And look at me so sharp and queer,
As much as, "Sir, how came you here?"

To judge by Christians of to-day,
The heavens will be half Milky Way.¹

IV.

But soon the reverend man will pass —
Let's see, our Saviour rode an ass, —
He comes, behold the saintly man!
The ass transformed to coal-black span,
While on a downy cushion sitting,
Fine thoughts before his mind are flitting.
Like flocks of birds he had a way
Of catching those with plumage gay;
For well he knew death's raven wing,
Though passing noiseless, leaves a sting.

V.

He preached against Idolatry;
Yet honestly it seemed to me,
His sermon with fine image hung,
Did *worship* crave from old and young.

VI.

He had for twelve months of the year,
A sort of *deafness* in one ear;
Could hear his flock, but not his God,
When came the summons — *go abroad*.
Although throughout the heathen nation
He prayed for truth's dissemination,
Yet had a horror most profound
To be cut up and passed around;²
While filled with human nature full,
He loved the sheep with thickest wool.

VII.

Old Chloe dying sent for him,
Her present dark, her future dim;
He came, and to console her said,
“Look o'er the curtains of thy bed;
See, angels their bright wings unfold,
To waft you to the streets of gold.”

Old Chloe raised her with a sigh,
And turned her glazed and dying eye, —
“ These blossoms give me no relief,
I crave one scrap of gospel beef,
That my poor soul, freed from its clay,
May totter to the realms of day.”

VIII.

In our old Meeting-house at home,
Without stained glass or fancy dome,
It seemed as if religious heat
Crept round each pine, uncushioned seat ;
But here, one said to my surprise,
“ Our church is like a lump of ice ” —
From frescoed walls, and vaulted roof,
Perhaps the Spirit keeps aloof.
If thou wouldst feel the holy caller,
Tear down thy house and build up smaller ;
For while tall roofs with glories glow,
Poor congregations freeze below.

IX.

Enthroned within *this man*, a light
Shone as God's humbler satellite;
That through his beams some might be led
By him up to the Fountain Head;
And then his love did gently strike
A ray on rich and poor alike.
The trembling beggar as he came,
Was greeted with a brother's name;
An equal share of manna sweet,
Hung ready his poor soul to greet.

X.

A bench with pamphlets covered o'er,
Stood near the open study door;
Like sharp nails, that a farmer cute
Drives to keep youth from stealing fruit.
Thus the good man his only bench
With books and pamphlets did entrench,

To keep long callers from the crime,
Of stealing his most precious time.

XI.

It seemed as if his flock expected
He was with miracles connected.
Now to a christening, now a pall;
Now his mean pittance had a call;
Thus *six* days spent on sloppy fare,
One third pure faith, one third pure air,
The *Seventh* in most presuming mood,
They shout "three meals of solid food."
His body ills would oft intrude
When laboring for Zion's good,
And sometimes full of holy unction,
He sought the church for sweet conjunction;
And at the altar sweating stood,
Like Moses in imploring mood;
Exhausted through his lids he peeps,
Lo! Hur is dozing, Aaron sleeps!

XII.

Know ye, who cry — the clergy diddle,
'Tis hard to play the sacred fiddle.
That strain the *Master* loves to hear,
Grates harshly on the *creature's* ear.
Thus, should the faithful servant tell,
“I see ten candidates for hell,”
Each hearer'd turn his face askew,
Suspicious at his neighbor's pew;
But let him cry, “*Each pew* contains
Some soul unwashed from sinful stains,”
One shout ariseth from the fold,
Prithee, our Shepherd groweth old,
Turn him in age upon the town,
To beggar's fare and pauper's gown.

XIII.

How many a woman in her life,
Hath sighed to be a pastor's wife;

And yet how oft her brow discloses
Life's path has thorns amid the roses.
To please one half the parish passions,
She'd be a stand for Paris fashions;
To please the other, half believe
She'd trip the streets like mother Eve.
While outside many a strait-laced friend
Points twenty faults, and bids her mend,
And cries, "Those strips of Brussels lace
Will damn thee from the heavenly place;"
And widows whisper as they weep,
"Hard lot since husband fell asleep."
Yet at farewell, their eyes like lichen,
Creep o'er the walls of distant kitchen.

XIV.

In some, Religion seems to be
A body of great density —
Instead of raising to a crown,
Pressing its sad possessor down ;

In others, it doth seem to be
A body of great rarity,
And when they talk or when they sing,
We half expect the spreading wing.

XV.

Too many a Christian flag unfurled,
Reads "Dead head" to the heavenly world.
Put on Christ's armor, do not dock it;
Yet leave a slit to reach your pocket.

XVI.

In manning Zion's temple here,
Part are to keep the pathways clear;
Others, all voice and dauntless eye,
Should from the windows loudly cry.
For be it known upon earth's road,
To thousands, 'twere an Atlas load,
Though girt with breastplate of their Lord,
To tempt a brother man to God;

Others in every church are found,
Who love the horn of loudest sound,
Who with ten crosses on their shoulders,
Would outgaze fifty stern beholders.

XVII.

In every church a clique exists,
Who should be styled Dissectionists ;
Whose Titan minds are never vexed
By paltry trifles like the text ;
Who roll their grindstone eyes around,
Till scandal's knife an edge hath found,
And when at home they dine or sup,
Cut one or more poor Christians up.

XVIII.

Four laymen christianly agreed
To meet and to discuss their creed.
First, came a face without a frown, —
His prayer book had a leaf turned down ;

Second, came one who, circumspect,
Counted himself a child elect ;
A third arrived, and turning 'bout,
Greeted the others with a shout ;
A fourth came in, half saint, half mourner,
And crept into the farthest corner ;
Took out his snuff with air profound,
Nor deigned to pass the box around.
With cautious fear the Christian four
Against intruders closed the door,
Which hardly shut as down they sit,
One raps outside to open it.
'Twas done, and a fat face they knew,
Peeped in all smiling to their view,
And from his roomy coat quick sped
A lunch of pippins bright and red.
The four arose, and felt it sin
To let the smiling fat man in ;
Yet while their *tongues* his faith would punch,
They held their *fingers* for the lunch ;

Which ere they ate, in silence soared
Their grateful thanks to Jacob's God ;
Till one by one the fruit diminished,
The fat man said, " The last is finished."
Then each arose in fun, and threw
His parings at a passing Jew.
Then the discussion quick began,
Of duties toward their fellow man,
And of nice points, by sects arranged,
To keep true brothers long estranged.
On *two* the five could not agree,
Although they yearned for unity.
First, " When struck dead for words untrue,
Looked Ananias black, or blue ? "
And, " When Lot's wife began to halt,
Turned she to rock or table salt ? "
Each argued long, till warmth beneath,
Loosed anger from its rusty sheath.
Alarmed to hear their noisy din,
A curious Papist peeped within ;

At which the five, with one intent,
Did drop each knotty argument,
And falling on him did insist
To make him Protestant by fist.
Yet mid the whacks, he loudly bawled,
“Hear this, if Christians ye are called ;
No soul to Christ was ever led
Save by persuasion’s subtle thread,
And he who fights, too truly shows
His faith is weaker than his blows ;
And when your church was young, you’ll own
Our sect left other sects alone.”³
The five acknowledged satisfaction,
And off he hobbled from the action.
Now with a ten times louder din,
The fierce polemic did begin ;
When one cried out, “Oh, shame and grief !
These paltry points shake my belief.”
Just then the wind did quick unfix
About one hundred chimney bricks ;

Which rattling down, dissension fled,
While fear did fill each breast instead,
And falling on their knees together,
Shaking like leaves in windy weather,
Concluding not to wrangle farther,
Five hasty prayers commenced *OUR Father*.

Monday.

THE STATE.

ANALYSIS.

- I. THE HUMAN WEAKNESS.
- II. A CANDLE MAKER'S STORY.
- III. THE MAN OF FIRMNESS AND THE DOUGHFACE.
- IV. THE METIS DRAUGHT.
- V. PAY OF THE WORN-OUT POLITICIAN.
- VI. JOSHUA WAXETH PATRIOTIC.

MONDAY.

THE STATE.

I.

SOME from the cradle have an itch
To dabble in the public pitch ;
And Phaeton-like do gaze afar,
In envy at the golden car,
And welcome kicks and party hate,
If they can grasp the reins of state.

II.

My father's memory I hallow ;
He dealt in candles — sperm and tallow,
And at his death, or thereabout,
My sorrow drew a longing out

For something nobler, and my aim
Was if I lived, to win a name.
So, after business cares were o'er,
And I had closed the greasy store,
Mounting upon a tallow tray,
Let my pent eloquence have sway,
Till curious neighbors passing, heard
Each fiery sentence word for word ;
And one who bill did hap to owe,
Said I was Amer's " Cicero ;"
And with his clique as wily bait,
Said, " If I'd stand as candidate,
To fill an office where the pickings
Would fatten up ten human chickens,
They would affirm by thirsty throats,
To give me twenty thousand votes."
Which I agreed to — now the hint
Of thirsty throats, I found had in 't
An unseen catch ; they quickly bore
My body to the tavern door,

And entering in, did drink and eat,
And then bade me go pay the treat.
I know by *fathomless* is meant
The belly of constituent.
At last, election day arrived —
Each honest vote was fairly hived,
And these legs trembled, I confess,
When comrades told of my success.
Now, like a boy's first step in breeches,
I straggled out with two new speeches :
Too late I found the arena full,
And lo ! they took me for the *bull*.
The penny papers full of glee,
Tilted their upas darts at me ;
The sixpennys did fire and flam,
Each column seemed a battering ram.
God knows how many fools I flattered,
And how my mother tongue I battered,
And how like bits of dust on satin,
Appeared odd scraps of school-boy Latin.

Thus if but *two* years passed, 'tis true
My corporal *five* years older grew.
Yet on one morning, sick and tired,
(Dear, private life again desired,)
As was my custom, I did plod
To Tisbee's for a tart and tod ;
As I the crispy thing did munch,
Took up a copy of the " Punch," —
Although I'm thin as wayside rail,
They'd sketched me like a tun of ale,
And in an Amazonian gown,
Had Punched me up, and Punched me down,
And Punched me all about the town.
When cursing public life, I ran
To Sarah and my infant Dan.

III.

'Tis not the office I condemn, —
That's but the setting of a gem ;
And once it held a diamond stone,
Which in the darkness brightest shone,

And seemed to flash a scornful smile,
If threatened with the public file.
But thieving death crept in one day,
And stole that brilliant gem away ;
And in its place with dext'rous pass,
Did slip a bit of flawy glass :
Each harpy seeking fame or pelf,
Scratches that glass to suit himself.

IV.

Most statesmen, after twenty years
Of active service, must have fears
Of Metis ⁴ draughts, lest when they retch,
The searching emetic should fetch
Up fifty children ; for no two
Would be alike in form or hue.

V.

Though spaniel Principle should range,
And beat the moon in point of change,

Know *this*, that stretching politicians
Cannot stretch life to two editions.
As creeps the evening of their toil,
Poor nature's cogs squeak loud for oil ;
Then at the front door all a-grin,
Crowds bear the new wreathed victim in,
While from the *back* door sad and lone,
Like timber from the Saguenay thrown,⁵
A poor old man, bent double, goes
To face a host of taunting foes,
And from some garret, views the track
Where first he drew the mongrel pack,
Who as from yon gilt cage he went,
Lost all the cuteness of their scent.
A day, a week, a month has fled,—
The wreck of public life lies *dead*.
Now, with a murderer's conscience, comes
His country with her muffled drums ;
Repenting of the heartless stab,
Weeps lying letters on a slab ;

Calls forth his bust in every shape,
And trims the same with dingy crape.

VI.

Bring the young child with sinless hand,
Teach him how liberty was planned ;
When planned, what Warrior, Statesman, Man,
In every combat led the van ;
Point where the fiery pillar rose,
Which led th' oppressed from Christian foes.
As burst youth's dream-clouds o'er his brain,
Picture their daring deeds again ;
Pause o'er the turf-topped goals they gained,
To leave his birthright all unstained ;
Nor chide, if down those velvet cheeks,
The patriot tear impulsive sweeps,
Moistening the spot where actors lie,
Whose living laurels never die.

Tuesday.

MERCANTILE AND FINANCIAL.

ANALYSIS.

- I. JOSHUA DISCLOSES A SECRET.
- II. A CURIOUS CUSTOM.
- III. THE FAST MERCHANT.
- IV. MEETING OF CREDITORS.
- V. THE BANKS OF AMER.
- VI. SINGULAR COAT OF ARMS.
- VII. EXTRACT FROM PROCEEDINGS OF THE GUFFAW R. R. CO.

T U E S D A Y .

MERCANTILE AND FINANCIAL.

I.

To open wealth in any station,
Your sesame is Application.
Yet to enjoy, you must not clasp
Your dollar with a miser's grasp,
But oftentimes in secret grant
A portion for a brother's want.
Still would you drive on fortune, keep
An eye on *littles*, not the heap ;
Remembering that the monster whale,
Is driven by a pigmy tail.

II.

With most young merchants of the age,
A curious custom is the rage —
To open on the closing page.
Like forward babes they strive to leap,
Before they have begun to creep,
And own too late with sorry groan,
'Tis foggy age must give back-bone.

III.

One Dibbin business did commence, —
Thought not of trifles or expense,
And feeling lonely, gazed about
At every party, ball, and rout,
To find a maid, who might to boot
Bring him a bag of evil root ;
And when a lovely one would pass,
Was prone to raise his quizzing glass,
Until that optical abortion
Proclaimed one with a noble portion. .

They married ; she, from gentle stock,
Resembled much a German clock,
Which if you check its hands a grain,
Tis hard to make it go again.
In flashy silks and showy collars,
She soon consumed her wedding dollars,
While both were one in strong desire,
To win a nod from each Esquire,
Thus on they went, and on went time
To jar the music of love's rhyme.
Outgoes were large, receipts were small,
And notes fell due, as notes *will* fall ;
Then neighbors whispered how to save
His credit from an early grave,
He did submit to Jewish shave ;
At which suspicious traders sent
Their watch-dog to his tenement, —
A silent man, quite short and fat,
With small cockade upon his hat, —

And soon the pry with noisy clink,
Removed each spike from dusty chink,
And four rough tinkers in a line,
Bore off the long gold-lettered sign ;
While to an attic Dibbin goes,
To taste the acme of his woes ;
For those whom dinners once delighted,
And who the vows of friendship plighted,
With every Esquire grew near-sighted.

IV.

To find th' attachment of a friend,
Go and declare a dividend ;
Then send around a note or two—
Go not to him, he'll come to you.
Four notes were sent, four men appeared,
And the silk dealer's office neared.
One looked more grim and leaden eyed,
Than when his only daughter died, —

'The second was morose and stout,
With face like bunch of pickled crout, —
The third arrived, his losses viewing,
Pulled out a plug and fell to chewing, —
The fourth on crutches slowly rolling,
Kept bawling out "*No buttonholing*,"
And soon a youngster did appear,
With "Sirs, my master draweth near."

While creeping round to take a note,
A curious sight my vision smote ;
The thin man with a joke quite glib,
Did poke the stout man 'neath the rib ;
At which I asked the merchant's boy,
"What is it gives the thin man joy ?"
When he half laughing did exclaim,
"The thin man has the *smallest claim*."
Behold *one* case on grasping earth,
Where smallest claim gives greatest mirth.

At last I heard a squeaking boot,
And smelt the smoke of fine cheroot.
It was the *bankrupt* — now they stand
With outstretched palms to grasp his hand;
Which over, stroking nose and chin,
The nervous chewer did begin : —

“ These waiting creditors requested
Your humble servant, and have vested
In him the power, to ask how is it
That we are called to make this visit, —
And will you tell without delay,
‘ The sum which you propose to pay ? ’ ”

“ Well, gents, if you would know the reason,
One year ago this very season,
When threatened with the quick consumption,
I had the folly and presumption
To take my household, and we went
To travel on ‘ the Continent,’ —

Which shifted the disease, you see,
From *body* to my *property* ;
And now to sweeten sorrow's cup,
'Tis my desire to settle up,
By paying to my full extent,
A dividend of twelve per cent.
I've one hope left in which I've trusted,
That all our old accounts adjusted,
Each may sign off; for this I sue,
So that I may commence anew."

The stout man started for the door,
Then paused half way, and loud did roar,
" When I was young, a man to fail,
Was lucky to escape the jail ;
But now-a-days I've understood,
That twenty failures make one *good*." "

V.

How rich fair Amer doth appear!
Pray, can there be a beggar here,

Where one in ten of every rank
Becomes stockholder in a bank ?
When dread infections creep about,
Both rich and poor, both lean and stout,
In lowly cot, or palace hall,
Alike are fearful of a call.
Thus, by a stranger I was told,
“ That every granite money hold,
Did with the public always feel
The harsh revolve of fortune’s wheel,
And catch the *Shorts*, (a curse most dire,
When specie vaults will not perspire ;) ”
“ And (he continued) such a crew
Of cunning men you never knew.
Each hath its pilot, who can tell
A No. 1 from *passing well*.
Yet sometimes one with showy span,
Drives up t’ amaze the good old man,
And getteth out with fine French boot,
And limbs encased in broadcloth suit.

Outsiders stare, nor would they think
He stood upon Destruction's brink !
'Tis then the pilot plays his farce,
And holding up his small spy-glass,
He cries in accents quite *au fait*,
' Dear Sir, we discount none to-day.'
With shaking legs and angry pout,
The disappointed hastens out,
To where in costly robes arrayed,
Sits Shylock with Damascus blade."

VI.

I found in many a money mart,
That gold had not supplanted art,
Some banks had views of country farms,
While three or four had coats of arms.
One coat I thought was such a gem,
That I would pause and take a *mem*.
In the background afar was seen
A California gold machine,

And six men ranged on either side,
Picked out what *large* lumps they espied,
While what was left they kindly threw
To men in coats of Iris hue.

VII.

“ Directors now together met,
Do swear with hands on Bible set,
That they will now to man unlock
Th’ *intrinsic* worth of Guffaw stock.
The vignette on the smallest share,
Shall be an eagle high in air,
With little men who strain their eyes
In hopes to see the eagle rise.
And furthermore, we vote a fund
Be set aside called *Rubicund*,
That when this corporation dines,
The same may furnish ale and wines.
And, lastly, we must have, ’tis clear,
A silversmith hired by the year ;

While that Director who may hap
To catch a broker in a nap,
Or who by winning arts possessed,
Can coax ten widows to invest,
Shall have for either smile of fate,
A costly set of *silver plate*.

Wednesday.

THE PRESS AND THE CRITICS.

ANALYSIS.

- I. JOSHUA PUFFETH THE PRESS.
- II. HE VISITS AN EDITOR'S SANCTUM.
- III. HE ATTENDS THE FUNERAL OF A POOR, BUT HONORABLE
EDITOR.
- IV. THE HONEST CRITIC.
- V. THE HIRELING CRITIC.
- VI. THE MAGPIE CRITIC.

WEDNESDAY.

THE PRESS AND THE CRITICS.

I.

THE tyrant on his tott'ring throne,
Circled with Hatred's awful zone,
May *rest*, when Sleep the charmer steals,
Though *armies* threaten at his heels;
But let him hear the types' dread click,
His pulses throb, his heart leaps quick,
He fears their imprint will intrude
Within the dungeon's solitude, —
There, like a friend familiar grown,
To wrestle with the Man alone,
When buried sparks may burst in flame,
And leave his kingdom scarce a name.

II.

Four dusty windows did invite
A trifling share of outward light,
Upon one pane with rarest gem
Some typo's hand had scratched J. M.
While Guttenberg in brown and black,
Was patched o'er one to hide a crack.
Above the mantel gloomy Faust
Hung tinged with wintry holocaust,
And Caxton's eyes from ancient bust,
All ghostly stared through folds of dust,
And half disdainful, did repose
Where Franklin sat with fractured nose.
Here stood the master with a pen
Hard toiling for his fellow men.
Upon round shoulders firmly placed,
A dumpling face with glasses graced,
Half stern, yet comic, met the view,
Which as you gazed more gentle grew.

His body was so thick and short,
That I could not restrain the thought,
Should Comus with his comrades stray
To Amer for a holiday,
He was so inky, round, and small,
They might mistake him for a ball.
And yet within there was enshrined
Perception keen, with wit combined ;
For many a senator so glum
His frown would strike the senate dumb,
Hath often in the midnight tramp,
With no observer but the lamp,
Been forced with curses to confess
This cunning Paris of the press,
Had hit what art could not conceal,
His weak and vulnerable heel.

Early and late did he diffuse
His brain wealth through the *Daily News*,

Forgetting even food and slumber,
For one small paltry cent per number ;
And when the Pierian spring was dry,
And a shrill voice would *copy* cry,
Yon friendly shears sprang from their nail,
And quickly smuggled in a tale.

He starts, for lo ! his ear now catches
A sound — the postman with despatches.
One showy letter quick as thought
Forth from the man ; the same he caught,
And broke the seal, then as if proud,
Half to himself, and half aloud,
He read,

D R A W I N G .

To draw fair woman to your store,
To draw her cash into your drawer,
To draw her smile so sweetly given,
The smile which draws the veil from Heaven,

Requires one thing; don't think I dream,
For had I made it more my theme
Last fall, I should not have to say
Gents, not a penny can I pay.
Now here's the secret — would you rise,
Go take the News, and advertise.

TOM JOHNSON.

This rascal, who for five long years
Hath never paid his old arrears,
Has the assurance to rehearse
His bankruptcy to me in verse;
I always do suspect of capers
Those dapper chaps who write for papers,
And by my News the world shall know it,
A printer should not trust a poet.
Confound the scamp, I will not swear,
But if I had him by the hair,
Heaven knows ——
“Hold! hold! bad news from any quarter?”
Shouted a pursy-faced reporter.

“ No ; you have found me in a pet,
For one who owes a five years’ debt
Hath to my profit column’s grief
Embraced Druidical belief.” 7

“ No matter, cheer up, and peruse
These items for to-morrow’s *News* —
Two murders ! set them up with dashes —
A block of costly stores in ashes !
Good ! Good ! I’ll run, and quick commission
Old Ben to print a large edition.”

In silent horror and surprise
Up from the twain I raised my eyes,—
There, near the ceiling did appear
A sign, *No loafers wanted here ;* —
At which from the mysterious crew,
In dire confusion I withdrew.

III.

So tranquilly reposed his head,
That I could scarce believe him dead.

Rough looking men came in and took
In silence deep a parting look,
And when the curious crowd had passed,
A lonely woman came at last ;
While big tears rolled from either eye,
She stooped to kiss her long good-by.
They laid him in an humble tomb,
And a short notice draped in gloom,
In even *rival* papers told
Death only turns the body cold.
And far from bustle and turmoil,
A printer at his evening toil,
Thinking of friendship's broken fetter,
Omitted here and there a letter,
While by an inky stain you'd trace
Where his rough hand had sought his face —
That face so wan, that one would think
He stood upon the same dark brink.
But was this all ? No, Heaven forbid !
His trophies with his God were hid :

When from his pen the leader came,
Which drew a veil o'er woman's shame,
It taught of Love and Hope bereft,
She had the name of *Woman* left.
And when no voice was raised to save,
He shouted freedom for the slave,
Till list'ning freemen heard the cry,
And would not let the echo die.

Now from an office old and dim,
Methinks I hear a victor hymn,
Sung by sweet voices not of earth,
All joyful at another birth,
Chanting how one for many years,
'Mid want, reproaches, scorn, and tears,
Polished great jewels of the mind,
Whose gleaming brilliance blessed mankind
And now, tired out, he lieth down,
To wear them sparkling in his crown.

IV.

To be a critic, minus spite,
A man should read, but never write ;
For like the parent, in his breast
Each author loves the cripple best ;⁸
And let a thoughtless world but sneer,
Lo ! Astrea mounts to realms more clear,
While Malice takes her place as judge,
Owing each brother scribe a grudge.
The honest critic wields alike
His power to praise, condemn, or strike,
Nor will he for a selfish end,
To praise or censure condescend ;
But if along the barren strand,
Amid the wordy waste of sand,
His searching eye should hap to dwell
Upon a single pearly shell,
And lifting, he should chance to hear
True genius trilling soft and clear,

The critic, now a Mentor grown,
Will cheer with hope the poor unknown,
And bid him on, where hid from view,
With palms recline th' immortal few.

V.

The only fire his brain pan feels,
Is when a barber at his heels
Gives the round iron tongs a twirl,
To make indignant nature curl.
If you possess a well-filled purse,
Walk in, nor tremble to rehearse,
Yet after every twentieth line,
Refill that empty cup with wine.
Soon as this pigmy critic soars,
He falls like Bruno on all-fours ;
Then stroke with fear his prostrate head ;
Beware ! thou art toying with thy bread ;
For harsh reviews delighted hark,
And set to music every bark.

VI.

Class third and last — I shall be able
To show their foible in fable.

An eagle once from Ossa's height,
To mount Olympus winged his flight ;
But ere he left, unseen, unbidden,
In his tail feathers there had hidden
A small magpie ; now up he soared
To realm of the imperial god.
His gifts the mighty Jove bestowed,
And by those gifts his friendship showed.
Back to the eyrie now he darts,
To share his wealth with kindred hearts,
That hid 'mid feathers, wildly beat,
And wait on many a rock to greet,
Knowing while to their nests they cling,
They have his talons, not his wing.
Now, as with true and kingly pride,
Jove's gifts the eagle did divide,
The magpie, peeping from its nest,
Did feebly chirp, "*plagiarist.*"

Thursday.

DIFFERENT GRADES OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

ANALYSIS.

- I. SLAVERY OF LABOR.
- II. SLAVERY OF THE RICH.
- III. SLAVERY OF THE POOR.
- IV. JOSHUA CONFERS WITH A SLAVEHOLDER.
- V. HE SPEAKS A WORD OF COMFORT TO A WAYWORN
PHILANTHROPIST.

THURSDAY.

DIFFERENT GRADES OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

I.

ALAS ! how many pray on Sunday,
And wrong their brother man on Monday !
Such strange religion seems to be
Like wormy bark upon a tree ;
While every passion, vice, and sin,
Like slimy worms, creep out and in.

Hard is her lot, whom cruel Fate
Hath robbed of a protecting mate ;
Too oft with helpless children hurled
On the cold bounty of the world,

Alone she toils, while some deride
Her little all, a woman's pride,
Still glancing motherly and fond,
Half hopeful toward the dark beyond.
She walked on blossoms in life's morn,
But now at even, treads the thorn ;
And as her creeping offspring rise,
With all a parent's love, she tries
To hide hell's lure, lest they behold
Virtue and rags, or crime and gold.
Her stern task-master, Sunday sees
With mock devotion on his knees ;
But, when for food her hands must clasp
The slop-work like a deadly asp,
That slowly drinks, with subtle art,
The rosy life-drops from her heart,
This *Christian*, in his inmost soul
Begrudges her the scanty dole.
Yet sightless Fortune seems to smile,
For, lo ! he boasts a marble pile.

But when death's fatal fever burns,
And every thought a fury turns,
As conscience, bursting from the vale,
Rises a Nemesis in mail,
Then his nepenthe for unrest,
Is to the church a large bequest ;
And when his worn remains are cold,
Men grave the deed on plates of gold ;
While those who gave their priceless health
To garner up this hoard of wealth,
Forgotten, like the workhouse poor,
Lie outcasts on a nameless moor.

II.

'Tis queer how mortals tug and hitch,
To have their neighbors think them rich ;
And when the charming name they win,
Do feel half comfortless within.
In spring, you see before their door
A lackey with a coach and four,

And boasting of each sprightly steed,
In fashion's race, they take the lead.
But see, what suffering they endure,
If, riding on their daily tour,
A friend perhaps, a *richer* man,
Drives by with prouder looking span.
How small a thing doth comfort pinch !
Those steeds are taller by an *inch* !
In summer, cool abodes they close,
And hasten off, to find repose
In some hotel, where fashion calls
To bandbox rooms with coffin walls ;
By two at morn they quick undress,
And a small bunch of feathers press ;
Above, musquitos hover thick ;
Below, the bedbug joins the tick.
Thus, the poor votaries of pleasure,
Do buy it in a thimble measure,
Suffer extortion and vexation,
To cull a winter's conversation.

Homeward they haste from these *delights*,
 When every limb is marred with bites,
 To find, (discovery too late,)
 Some scamp has carried off the plate !

There's scarce a man in lofty station,
 Who cannot claim one poor relation ;
 Not that the rich are much inclined
 To bear their poorer friends in mind,
 But that the poor are somewhat free
 To trace their noble pedigree ;
 And if their pocket's short of cash,
 They're apt to catch Affection's rash ;
 And while sweet smiles fat faces deck,
 They throw stout arms about one's neck.
 Love warms each heart, love thrills each breast,
 But empty dishes tell the rest.

Now, lastly, 'tis a mother's trick,
 The name of wealthy friend to pick,

And when the crying child is weaned,
He as a witness is subpœned,
To hear, amid most doleful cries,
The saintly man his name baptize ;
Then, while in rage the babe he hugs,
Its parents talk of spoons and mugs.

III.

I found one class, 'mid toil and sweat,
Hugging the Ixion wheel of debt ;
Each penny bargain would delight,
And furnish small talk for a night.
They'd always run and take a peep
Were even cradles offered *cheap* ;
Although, like Hannah, in despair
At their poor prospect of an heir.
Another class by intuition,
Had horror of a low position ;
To counterfeit old millionaires,
They drove their poverty down stairs,

Their income they would quick expend,
And have to borrow of a friend,
While humbler neighbors with harsh tattle,
Gave to the upstarts daily battle.
Thus camels sometimes bite and bump
The one who wears the biggest hump.

IV.

Called out to dine, I did not think,
And gave a negro boy the wink ;
At which his master did insist
I was an abolitionist,
And turning to his servant men,
He bade them pluck an aged hen.
Whereat I cried, " Slay not for me,
But let thine ancient cackler be ;
For he must be a reckless sinner,
Who dining out would pick his dinner,
And I can make most fearful ravage,
On plain boiled pork and plainer cabbage."

“No doubt you can,” my host replied,
“But, sir, upon your worthless hide,
After the same hath left a scar,
In yonder pot of shining tar,
'Tis my intent, when Pompey gathers,
To stick that aged cackler's feathers.”

“Angels forbid! if that be so,
Methinks it's nearly time to go;
Yet, let's sit down, and talk it over;
Of gentle peace I am a lover,
And like a templar of renown,
I bid you fling the gauntlet down.”

“Well, sir, yon slave with face hirsute,
I think no better than the brute;
Eat, drink, and sleep; sleep, eat, and drink;
I doubt, sir, whether he can think.”

“Go, brother, search, and for your pains
Find Caspar Hauser's mind in chains;

How was it with his whiter skin,
 When all the man lay crushed within ?
 Or, turn to Amo's noble name,⁹
 When Learning to his dark breast came ;
 His soul at the first blissful sup,
 Prometheus moulded, dared look up."

" Sir, all my wealth lies in the slave ;
 Those aged ones my father gave ;
 To make them free some future day,
 Perhaps you will propose a way."

Yes, there's one way, by honor taught ;
 To make them free, they should be bought.
 For this I'd shut each small or great
 Debasing groggery of state ;
 Leave building monuments awhile,
 Which mock us with their Gorgon smile ;
 Build with less Gothic, *Christian* churches ;
 Place plainer parsons on the perches ;

If need be, tax both North and South,
To wring this lie from Freedom's mouth.
While some in life, averse to knowledge,
In childbed die of church or college,
Whose shoeless kin, with anger swell
To hear the tinkling public bell,
All nature asks, with listening ear,
"Is there no Philadelphus here,
Who will with his last word afford
A boon for liberty and God?"

"Then, sir, pray shall we cast them forth,
Like Egypt's curse upon the North?"

"No, brother — I've no doubt you'll stare —
I'd let them be just where they are;
But every tiller of the soil
Should have fair wages for his toil;
The school, the church, should gently rise,
To lead the meanest to the skies;

And on this strange Utopian plan,
I'd bid the negro be a *man*."

" Well, sir, you doubt they can enjoy, —
Behold yon smiling negro boy ;
He hears the birds, he smells the flowers ;
Say, can a keener joy be *ours* ? "

" When Sirius rages fierce and hot,
The white man ranges every spot ;
He hears the birds, he scents each bud,
But lassitude enchains his blood ;
From East to West, from pole to pole,
Slavery's the dog-star of the soul."

V.

Toil, Christian, in thy noble cause,
Nor linger for the world's applause !
The seed thou sowest shall not rot,
But blossom when thy tongue speaks not.

Perchance the acorn near thy grave,
Rising may mighty oak boughs wave,
Before thy children's children see
The promised dawn of Liberty.
Then, while with praises they behold
Far o'er the hills, a tinge of gold,
Thy blest reward may be to stand,
And raise God's curse-cloud from the land,
And with His chosen ones, begin
To hymn the Morn of Glory in.

Friday.

PROFESSIONAL.

ANALYSIS.

- I. JOSHUA PITIETH YOUNG MEN.
- II. HE DESCRIBES THE WRITERS OF THE DAY.
- III. THE ACTORS OF AMER.
- IV. JOSHUA CALLS ON DR. PEPPERCORN.
- V. HE VISITS THE TEMPLE AND MEETS AN ANGRY CLIENT.
- VI. THE OLD MAN ADVISETH A STUDENT.

FRIDAY.

PROFESSIONAL.

I.

HEAVEN pity him whose sire has fated
In youth to be matriculated;
And he is daring who doth try it,
Unless brought up on humble diet;
For when the class unpaid have ferried
Tough text books o'er the green and buried,
And stern Discernment waiting stands,
Holding a sieve with outstretched hands,
To separate with art complete
The flimsy chaff from solid wheat,

While tutors blush, and parents grieve,
Five out of ten fall through the sieve.
Some after having gained their knowledge,
Are prone to hang around a college ;
Forgetting the unclassic thought,
Where traps are made, few birds are caught.

II.

I found all writers — some whose rage
Was for a murder on each page ;
Others would draw a rich man's daughter,
Loved by a youth without a quarter ;
And when pa will not please his darter,
She dies by strangling with her garter.
One beside critics had to fight
A most voracious appetite ;
For his old Pegasus would break,
Soon as he smelt a broiling steak ;
While many would not learn till late,
That noble art *to concentrate*,

But wheeled crude ideas in a barrow,
And bade their readers use a harrow.

III.

It seemed to be the public creed,
That actors, like a certain weed,
To puff just right, should always be
Improved by trip across the sea.
I noticed many play their part
With wedding face but funeral heart,
And while sweet smiles would oft appear,
Each one sang tenor to a tear.
To have from pit to gallery filled,
In managers it was instilled,
That every season they must plunge
For Talent, as men do for sponge ;
And like that substance from its rock,
They tear it from some weeping *stock*,
Who with their bills unpaid, must stand
And see it drink the golden sand.

Others were dear at any price,
Mere gems of acting framed in vice,
Who when they went from whence they came,
Bore off the gem, but left the frame.

IV.

Here Galen, with a two-edged sword,
Was painted on a square sign-board.
On entering in my eye did scan
Small bottles and a thickset man,
While ranged around in sundry mugs,
Stood various kinds of direful drugs ;
He was but half an Allopathic,
The other half was Hydropathic ;
He kept a bath of icy water,
In back room tended by a porter,
And some whose muscles would not quake,
Nor tremble at the keenest ache,
At but one dip in his cold bath,
Have shook like vials full of wrath,

While warriors who would never yield
To bullets on the battle-field,
Have gulped four pills, forgot their cares,
And died reciting infant prayers.

I found before their beef or chowder,
That many persons took a powder,
Using this strange precaution, lest
The dainty food should not digest;
Others, to be more cautious still,
After each meal would take a pill,
Until their bodies seemed to be
Magnesia, salts, and mercury.
When ruddy life no more could charm,
Th' Egyptian race would fain embalm,
But in *their lives* these men of sense
The curious process do commence,
And when the last great trump shall call,
From Amer's corner of the ball,

Resisting Time's most subtle action,
Will bounce up many a petrification.

V.

Lawyers in rich or poor attire,
I noticed bore the same *Esquire*.
Each cranium had its monster lump,
That clients termed the sanguine bump ;
They also had a game of fudge,
And said *your honor* to the judge,
When, search their inner breast, you'd find
They thought him but a bag of wind.
In hopes to gain a note or two,
To their abode I quickly flew, —
When, on the stairs with angry pout
I met a client marching out,
And as he passed, like icy rain
My ears were chilled with oaths profane.
“ What ails thee, friend ? ” I softly asked ;
“ Is gentle patience overtaken ? ”

“ Old man,” he cried, “ old man, attend,
And heed this counsel from a friend :
Ope not your doors at Law’s loud knocks,
’Twill give your fortune the small pox ;
The fattest frame on which it sits,
Is apt to have the deepest pits.”

VI.

Go ! student, leave thy mouldy lore,
And study men and manners more ;
Find every race, whate’er its name,
Hath hopes and frailties just the same.
Revenge and sweet forgiveness dwell
Near tenants in one narrow cell ;
In him whose guilty breast hath borne
The buffetings of human scorn,
One loving word, one Christian prayer.
Might rouse an angel slumb’ring there.

Go ! student, strive to make more clear
The awful myst'ry of a tear,
And find how much of woe may lie
Compressed within a single sigh.

Saturday.

FASHION, WITH CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS IN THE
CHURCHYARD OF AMER.

ANALYSIS.

- I. JOSHUA'S EXPERIENCE.
- II. THE MECHANIC'S STORY.
- III. FASHION AMONG UNMARRIED WOMEN.
- IV. A CUSTOM WITH FASHIONABLE HUSBANDS.
- V. JOSHUA MAKETH A SCRIPTURAL COMPARISON.
- VI. THE FASHION AT FASHIONABLE FUNERALS.
- VII. FASHION IN THE CHURCHYARD.
- VIII. A SCENE IN THE CHURCHYARD, AND JOSHUA GIVETH
HIS REFLECTIONS.

SATURDAY.

FASHION AND REFLECTIONS.

I.

IF ever mortal needs compassion,
'Tis he who strives to follow Fashion;
For entered once upon the route,
'Tis mighty hard to turn about,
And he who doth outdo his betters
But shifts the lead for golden fetters;
For marble palaces in rows,
Can yield men only board and clothes,
Although their owners dress and smile,
According to the Paris style.

II.

My wife and I had lived together
Happy as birds in summer weather.
In course of time our lonely nest
By one fair, lovely boy was blest ;
Our neighbors in the sultry season,
Forgetting comfort, peace, and reason,
Had fostered up a foolish passion,
To follow what was called *the fashion* ;
So crowding babies, wife, and all
Into a compass very small,
With wide straw hats to shield the face,
Would start for some famed watering place.
My wife one morning in July,
Looked from her pretty, roguish eye,
And said, " Come, Obed, we must go
And join our neighbor so and so,
For all the big and little Halls
Are going to Niagara Falls."

I never *could* refuse my wife,
That dearest treasure of my life,
So packing up a monstrous chest,
And clasping wifey to my breast,
And calming little Obed's squalls,
We started for Niagara Falls.
We reached that famous place at night ;
Ye gods ! and what a curious sight !
Each hotel full, it was our doom
To take the last, small, garret room.
The roar was awful to my ears,
Could scarcely soothe Matilda's fears,
While Obed's cries no roar could smother —
Kept bawling lustily for mother.
I used kind words ; they would not do ;
Then took Matilda's overshoe,
And on that urchin's prostrate back,
Produced a sound like whack, whack, whack.
Morning, bright morning, came at last,
Ah ! wretched night ! how slow it passed !

Locking our door, we walked to view
The noble Falls with rainbow hue, —
Wife cried, “How grand! look, husband, see,
Three clouds of mist successively.”
Just then a woman, rather old,
Who looked the image of a scold,
Muttered in accents harsh and wild,
“Arnt that your red headed child?”
I turned just o’er that dizzy height,
My heart stood still — ah! awful sight!
There was our Obed leaning o’er!
One inch, he’s gone, — one half inch more!
With desp’rate strength that cherub sweet
Seized I by his nankeen seat;
Plucked him from danger; people crowded —
The rest was all in mystery shrouded, —
My fainting fit at last departed,
Once more I’m free and lion-hearted.
“Place all the clothing in that chest,
Then clasp your offspring to your breast.

Waiter, my bill — ho ! thirty dollars !
Boarding for three, washing two collars, —
Receipt it — wife, take one more view,
Homeward our journey we'll pursue ;
Tell Mrs. Hall with homespun grace,
That fashion made you tan your face,
Nearly lose Obed in the Falls,
And tear his go-to-meeting smalls."

III.

I found that women, maid or dame,
In town and country, were the same.
At sixteen, home they quick resign,
To wed a lawyer or divine ;
At twenty-one, with solemn look
Pa doth rebait the golden hook ;
At twenty-five she is not gruff
To one who smokes, or uses snuff ;
At thirty, warring with her fate,
The gentle maid grows desperate,

And marries one who for his share,
Brings four small bits of earthen ware.

IV.

The mother toiled from morn till night
To keep her daughter's fingers white.
The father, who was scarcely able,
Decked out the dear in silk and sable,
Until Arachne's net did catch
A good-for-nothing lazy bach,
Who, when a girl he chanced to meet,
Would cry my *darling, love, or sweet,*
And grown o'erfond of custom's carriage,
Was loth to leave it after marriage.
His nature like the cooing dove,
Was noted for tenacious love ;
So *strong* his feet could never rest
Till baby, wife, and cumbrous chest
With his dear self, together rode
To pa and ma-in-law's abode,

And to their aged ears did break,
“ Myself and mine will ne’er forsake.”

V.

When God from drowsy Adam’s side
First formed fair Eve, a lovely bride,
With all the father in His eye,
He blest, and bade them multiply ;
But Amer’s fathers seem to say,
“ We will reverse th’ Almighty’s way.”
So modern Adams’ ribs they try,
If fat breast pockets they espy ;
Forth from her boudoir glad to leave,
They lead a sickly-looking Eve.
There’s slight resemblance in their diction,
To love’s first holy benediction —
Increase, my children, fifty fold,
Not pounds of flesh, but pounds of gold.

VI.

'Tis hard to tell your neighbor's worth,
Till he lies 'neath four feet of earth ;
Then those in life who first forgot,
Are first to hasten to the spot,
And cousins come from Heaven knows where,
With sorrow mops some three feet square,
And as each nose makes doleful sound,
They cry, " His widow peepeth round,"
And while red eyes false tears distil,
They wait the reading of the will.
Who hear their names, from Sorrow's larder
Do bid the tears rain all the harder ;
'Those who do not, with one accord,
Rest all their troubles with the Lord.

VII.

Instead of tributes full of heart,
'Twas a cold gallery of art,

Where every sculptor seemed to be
Hard battling for eternity.

VIII.

A fresh-blown rose half-drooping gave
Sweet incense o'er a tiny grave.
Why were two mortals robbed so soon?
Perhaps he was their life-long boon,
And down some path between those two,
So oft he walked no clover grew,
While o'er their souls his image trod,
And kept due glory from a God.
Thus, filled with thoughts so sadly sweet,
I scarcely heard approaching feet,
When turning by the pale moonlight
Beheld a face unearthly white,
Which shrouded by her weeds, seemed set
A snow drop in a ring of jet.
A boy, no doubt her only band
To earth, clasped timidly her hand.

With hasty steps the mourners went
Past many a stately monument,
Whose iron necklace seemed to throw
A shield alike 'gainst friend and foe,
Until at last they gathered round
A poor, neglected spot of ground,
Where only by the swell, you'd know
Humanity reposed below ;
Then kneeling on the lonely clod,
The mourner spoke a word to God.
She knelt as one borne down by grief,
But rose as one who finds relief ;
Then pointing to the grave, she said,
“ When father died, *he* gave us bread.”
Thus to the trembling child she spoke,
Then wrapped around her tattered cloak,
And sped to the great city's din,
To fight perhaps with Want and Sin.
Now big with love to Man, I crept
To where the nameless stranger slept.

There, just above his unmarked clay,
A little bunch of flow'rets lay.
Then bending o'er his blest repose,
From Joshua's lips one prayer arose ;
(Within, he felt his spirit swell
Like unfledged bird that threatens the shell,
A few more days controlled by things,
Then forth to sing and use its wings.)
He asked that Charity divine
Through him, o'er his small world might shine ;
So when at eve, or sunny morn,
A voice shall say *the old man's gone*,
Above his grave, in tattered dress,
The widow and the fatherless,
With dewy eyes on bended knee,
May place one flower *In Memory*.
Laborer, Prince, whate'er thou be,
This mimic world centres in thee,
A world whose miniature control,
Receives its guidance from thy soul.

NOTES.

NOTE 1. Page 15.

“ The heavens will be half Milky Way.”

THE Milky Way.—“ Along this road stood the palaces of the illustrious gods; the common people of the skies live apart, on either side.”—*Age of Fable*.

NOTE 2. Page 16.

“ To be cut up and passed around.”

The method of using missionaries among the cannibals.

NOTE 3. Page 26.

“ Our sect left other sects alone.”

“ And to the honor of the Catholic Marylanders it ought to be mentioned, that while some of the Protestant provinces were persecuting all who differed from them, and Virginia was banishing the Quakers, and Massachusetts

was hanging reputed witches, they tolerated and protected all who were moral and civil." — BENEDICT'S *History of All Religions*.

NOTE 4. Page 35.

" ——— of *Metis draughts*."

Joshua, using poetical license, supposes statesmen devouring the children of the brain.

NOTE 5. Page 36.

" *Like timber from the Saguenay thrown*."

Square pieces of timber thrown in this stream at certain points are soon rounded by the action of the waters.

NOTE 6. Page 51.

" *Thq. twenty failures make one good*."

" A, how is the credit of B?" " O, he's good, perfectly good."

NOTE 7. Page 66.

" *Embraced Druidical belief*."

" The Druids were in the habit of borrowing large sums of the people, which they promised to repay in the other world." — *Note from GOLDSMITH'S England*.

NOTE 8. Page 69.

“ Each author loves the cripple best.”

The author refers particularly to Milton and Campbell. After Wednesday was finished, he discovered upon reading Don Quixote critically a similar passage in the second book.

NOTE 9. Page 85.

“ Or turn to Amo's noble name.”

“ Anthony William Amo, a negro, born on the Gold Coast about the beginning of the eighteenth century, was brought to Holland in 1707, and presented to the Duke of Brunswick, who sent him to the university of Halle, whence he removed to Wirtemberg. He had a perfect knowledge of astronomy, and spoke Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, Dutch and French.” — PARLEY'S *Biog.*

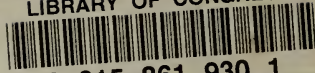
Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

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